

Nature vs nurture: where do I belong?

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Nature vs nurture: where do I belong?

by [ThedragonsTreasure](#)

Summary

What if Loki never left Jotunheim? I promise lots of Jotun Loki and him finally having parents who care about him. Loki's family is awesome. Also, Frigga is a loving mom but she did teach Loki to hate himself so she is not shown in the best light on the story. Byleistr is childish and gay. Helblindi is cocky but is also the caring type.

Notes

Hello darlings.

This is my first work ever. Originally I started writing because I had to increase writing speed using a computer. It has been really fun which is strange because I hate reading. I will write more if anyone wants me to. Also I had a lot of problems with on/in/at since my mother-language doesn't have them.

welcome

Chapter Notes

Hello darlings.

This is my first work ever. Originally I started writing because I had to increase writing speed using a computer. It has been really fun which is strange because I hate reading. I will write more if anyone wants me to. Also I had a lot of problems with on/in/at since my mother-language doesn't have them.

If you find the beginning boring, you can skip to the near end and still understand the story.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Thor, this is madness."

Without looking at his brother Thor answered, "No Loki, they will pay for insulting us, how dare they insult the son of Odin like this."

"Father will be furious, this is one law we must not break."

It was of no use, Thor just ignored him and was already convincing his friend to go to Jotunheim. Loki knew he couldn't stop the following catastrophe anymore, so he had to go with them just to make sure the blond oaf doesn't get himself killed. His love for his brother is immense but Thor had a temper.

oOo

In Jotunheim

"What is taking so long, I am freezing my arse off, surely they noticed us landing?" Volstagg's teeth were clattering louder every minute.

It looked as if the whole planet was made of just snow and ice. There was barely enough light to see. All they saw was broken buildings left by the Great War and more ice.

Jotuns or 'Frost Giants' as everyone calls them were hideous creatures by Asgardian standards. Out of all of them, Volstagg was the only one old enough to have seen an actual jotun before, because going there was in the order of the highest treason. He had been traumatized because of the war and ate to calm his nerves, because of that he was now becoming horizontally challenged.

Fandral was curious. "So what do they look like?"

"The smallest I ever saw was 10 feet tall the highest was 16 feet. They have dark eyes the color of blood. The skin is blue just like everything else in this cursed place and heritage lines all over their bodies." They all listened closely Volstagg's story.

"Where are they?" asked Sif.

Thor knew the monsters were too scared of him. "Hiding as cowards always do." What match

could a dying race possess?

Looking at the raven-haired prince, for Loki was the only one to study magic Thor asked: "Can you track the..."

A low growl interrupted him. "You have come a long way to die Asgardian." A shiver ran along their backs.

Loki knew who had spoken. Laufey, the king of Jotunheim, was sitting on his throne with a carefully neutral mask. The horror stories, they had heard from the warriors who survived the Great War, came back. Stories of how the filthy frost giants slaughtered billions of Asgardians and if their bloodlust still wasn't satisfied they ate their own children for a snack. It was too late to turn back now.

oOo

(Flashback, Thor's point of view)

There was someone knocking. Why would anyone be up at this ungodly hour? Maybe it's a dim-witted servant.

"Noooo go away or I'll have you flogged, I'm sleeping!"

I got a weak reply sounding like he was crying. "Okay, my apologies for disturbing you brother."

The servant left and I felt pleased. It took a while to process the words. Brother? Loki? Suddenly I felt stronger than I've ever before. Loki was crying why was Loki crying? Without thinking about it I sprinted off my bed towards the door but first, embarrassingly tripped over my own bedsheets.

I went the door but there was nobody in sight. I kept thinking: what if he was hurt and I just told him to go away. Where would he go? To mother, maybe to the healers. Probably mother, the healers are scary and smell weird.

Was the corridor ever going to end? The ceiling was 50 meters tall, the shadows looked like they were moving towards me. No! Loki was more important!

I went to parents' bedroom but Loki wasn't there. Mother came to me right away. She looked like a beautiful guardian angel even with her long blond hair untidy and no makeup on. She held my face in her hands and wiped away tears with her thumb. Father was there too but didn't really care what I said. He will have an important council meeting today and needs sleep.

"Mother where is Loki?"

"Do you want me to take you to him, sweetie did you have a nightmare?"

"No, I told him to leave when he was crying!" Tears were flowing from my eyes.

She was looking at me with such confidence and love, I couldn't help but smile. "Come then, we shall find him together." What was I thinking, of course, she was not scared.

You can't make fire feel afraid.

I peeked into his room. We were born in the same year but he still managed to make me feel 30 years older than him. "Look there he is!" I whispered into my mother's ear, hoping not to startle Loki. He was still curled up into a ball and refused to look up even as I got right beside him.

I elbowed him playfully, "What's wrong?" and tried to make him make eye contact with me.

After a long moment, he lifted his head to look at me with red, puffy eyes and a stuffy nose.

"I had a nightmare." Silently I wrapped my arm around him, pulled him closer and waited for him to let it out.

Just as I was about to push him about the subject, he opened his mouth. "It was about the story father told us. About when Laufey had used the Casket to kill our soldiers, except it wasn't him who did it." Loki looked into my eyes, pleading, begging for comfort, "I looked at my hands and they were covered in your blood. I murdered you and I couldn't stop laughing." Loki burst into tears again and I promised him: "Don't worry, when I grow up I'll go to Jotunheim and slay them all!"

oOo

"We demand answers! Did you send the Jotnar to try and steal the Casket back ON MY CORONATION!" Someone had to be held responsible for this.

The same low growling voice answered: "Oh you demand? You are nothing but a boy trying to prove himself a man." Laufey looked sickeningly skinny and had scars on his chest. The old king was proud enough not to let any emotion, except for superiority, come through. "You hunger for war. Go, while I still allow it."

Behind Thor, Loki was trying not to show his panic. "Thor we must leave, now." Loki sure as Hell wasn't going to let the reckless oaf start a war over such a little thing. "Know your place brother," Thor answered, not seeing the look of betrayal on Loki's face.

In the end, Thor decided that having a pissing contest wasn't worth an intergalactic war and turned around. Loki had never felt such relief but things never go his way. A warrior jotun stepped forward. "Run back home little princess." The warrior had been one of the men who had lost a family member in the war and wasn't going to waste the change for good-old-fashioned-revenge.

All Hell broke loose.

A jotun grabbed Volstagg's arm. Volstagg's face twisted in pain and the man screamed as his armor shattered from the cold. "Don't let'em touch you!" Everyone was fighting for their lives, everyone except for Thor who was having the time of his life throwing his hammer at everything that moved.

Loki focused on covering everyone's backs and creating holograms of himself to avoid getting too close. Sif, Volstagg, and Hogun were trying to get to the Bifrost landing site. It was the only option, considering it was six against at least a thousand giants, who can burn them with only the touch of their skin and, control the ice the very planet seemed to be made out of.

Loki seemed to be in trouble. To be fair, Loki couldn't remember a time when he hadn't been in some sort of trouble. There were tens of giants trying to finish him off. One drove him to the near end of the cliff and leaped at him, sadly only to fall off the cliff. The hologram of Sif was replaced by a smirking Loki 10 feet away.

Cold, strong fingers wrapped around his throat from behind trying to freeze the life out of him. He couldn't turn around or fight him off, the only thing he could do was wait for the pain. The pain never came, instead, there just came more giants trying to finish the little prince off. Time was on slow motion. All he knew was that he couldn't breathe or move because the Jotun had a good grip on his shoulder and his throat.

The asphyxia was taking its toll. Everything felt warm, tingly and looked blurry. Gradually black spots started appearing in his vision, red eyes locked into his.

It was dark.

Blue

Cold

Everything hurt.

He couldn't breathe.

helpmekillmepleasefindmeThorohfuckhelpme

Chapter End Notes

So I edited it 20.11.17 I hope it's better. This has improved my grammar so much.

just as reckless

Chapter Summary

Loki's first day on Jotunheim.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The boy was unconscious thanks to some sleeping-drugs. Melior was examining him and thinking to himself:

What are you supposed to be? The subject's skin and eyes mimic jotun when touched. Heritage lines are shallow. Was he jotun? We use rituals to make ours sharper if he hasn't been to one, he could be, or maybe a shapeshifter? Shapeshifters can't resist a frostbite, maybe not then. Age is around a thousand, still a boy. When I was his age I too was foolish and reckless so can't really blame him without being a hypocrite. The heritage lines match the ones on Laufey's line but Laufey has only had three sons: Byleistr, Helblindi and the one killed a long time ago by the Asgardians.

A theory comes to mind. What if the Asgardians did something to him? Would Laufey still want him back? Family is considered in high regard here, since surviving in these rough conditions is almost impossible without them. Did Laufey form a bond with him? I should probably fetch him. "Thrym will you tell his majesty Melior would like to see him?"

oOo

Why was he naked?

And why did he feel like he had just been strangled? Isn't today Thor's coronation? Wait, did that already happen? His eyes were open but Loki felt like his head was full of smoke. Ow right, they went to Jotunheim-bet that was Thor's idea. What happened then? One of those things tried to burn him. After a couple minutes of closing his eyes so he could see, a realization dawned on him. He was a prisoner on a hostile alien realm.

The room belonged to a healer of some sort, he judged from the smell of herbs and alcohol. It made sense, he was wounded after all, but there was just a tiny problem: he was blue! Loki considered if it was something the Jotnar had done or if he had always been this way, a monster. But how? he screamed inside his head. Had they taken his clothes just to make him see the blue sprayed over like an infection or perhaps they had been studying him. Loki brought his hand in front of his face and memorized it perfectly. His nails were black with a hint of blue. The skin was light blue covered with symmetrical lines that reached his entire body. Without a mirror, he couldn't see his eyes, the eyes were rumored to be red because they reflected the creatures' bloodlust.

He was Asgardian of course he was. He may not look like his house but Loki had tested himself several times with the soulforge. It's probably black magic, a curse. As soon as he got home Odin would fix it. Resisting the urge to scratch himself till he bleeds or throws up, he tried putting up a glamour, so escaping would be almost effortless. The problem was: it wasn't working, stupid, foggy head. Loki rubbed his tired eyes and sore throat. He had to get out.

At the sight of his clothes, Loki smiled and sighed in relief. Oh, thank Norns for small miracles!

Quietly peeking from the door trying to estimate the danger level, he decided there wouldn't be another chance like this and started walking. Perhaps hadn't been his brightest idea, walking in the hallway seen by everyone. There were around 10 Jotnar on the same corridor, he counted. Not one had yet paid attention to him.

There was obnoxiously loud shouting behind him: "There he is! Catch him!"

"Deam!" he cursed to himself and sprinted.

The two were a hundred meters behind him so there was still time. But they were gaining in on him. He reached a door and pulled.

Oh, the Norns did have a cruel sense of humor. Why?!

It was a snowstorm out there. On the plus side, the snow was so thick his attackers couldn't see him, on the bad side, he was going to freeze to death. Well, it wasn't the worst way to die. He was after all trespassing on enemy territory. They could have done a lot worse, still could, after all, they had already declared war on Asgard; they had nothing left to lose.

It wasn't really much choice. Without a shadow of a doubt, Loki would sacrifice himself rather than tell anything to these orcs. Long live Asgard!

A loud roar echoed through the land, it stopped the Jotner chasing him. Somehow, he felt that was a bad thing.

The valur was on his right side but still a good distance away. There was something else next to it. A Jotun was trying to desperately flee the creature's grasp. Feeling a sense of déjà vu Loki decided helping the Jotun couldn't hurt. After all, having no idea where you are is usually considered as bad and it couldn't hurt to have someone on his side. His seidr was starting to reappear making the job all the easier.

The little sorcerer cast a glamour over himself to be invisible and started running towards the beast. The beast turned towards him. Why is it looking at him? How was it even noticing him? It shouldn't see him. Eyes wide, panting and terrified, Loki turned to help from the Jotun. The thought that he was actually asking help from one of those things seemed surreal. Maybe this was just a nightmare.

"How can it see me?" It hurt his throat to shout in the freezing cold and from being strangled previously.

The other one just turned around horrified not understanding where the strange voice came from. Oh, right, he can't see me, Loki remembered bashfully. This was getting rather annoying. What was the point of hiding if only your enemy can see you?

oOo

A golden shimmer appeared from the spot where the voice had come from. The shimmering ended revealing some punk trying to get himself killed. Great, now Helblindi was going to have to save him, just fantastic. What in oblivion was the punk thinking?

"How can it see me?!" The squirt asked.

So, he's just incredibly idiotic, no wonder he's picking a fight with a Valur.

"It has thermal vision! It can see your body heat. How can you not know that?"

Loki laughed nervously, "Let's just say I am not a local!"

Loki was trying to remember something useful out of his adolescent lessons. Think Loki think! You are not going to die chased by a... whatever that is. Brain cells working at quadruple speed. Of course! If he could speed up photon's collision rate it would create heat and if he could mimic the heat signatures of about 20 Jotnar, the orc would chase the signatures instead of him.

Chapter End Notes

Because the time-line is a bit messy I will put a summary at the end of the next chapter.

Hello little brother

Chapter Summary

More Helblindi and Loki

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Mouth open, brows knit together and eyes wide; frozen on his spot all Helblindi could do was point at the monster running away. Gaze shifting between the peculiar newcomer and the monster repeatedly. With a flicker of his wrist that foolhardy little valsha scared the living oblivion out of the valur. HOW DID HE JUST DO THAT?

Helblindi didn't know about Loki because Helblindi had just returned from a hunting trip.

oOo

Loki decided that heading inside was wise he might learn something while listening to the others talking, besides it was too bloody cold outside.

The golden shimmering covered the boy and before they knew it he was gone.

After getting back to the palace Helblindi asked who his savior had been. Laufey got on one knee looked him in the eye and explained Loki being his brother. Helblindi thought that he now understood why Loki saved him. His brother was scared and it was Helblindi's turn to save him.

Once inside Helblindi started shouting Loki's name.

"Loki! Loki! Please, we are not trying to hurt you!"

No answer came although that wasn't unexpected. Helblindi tried to think what would he himself do if he were in Loki's shoes. Helblindi would get a weapon from the vault. Loki had never been in Jotunheim before. How could he know where the vault was? Loki had either teleported or gone invisible. Given that the most common power was light-bending he decided to go with that option. Helblindi hadn't pursued the practice seeing as he didn't have seidr in his bloodstream nor jewelry enchanted with it.

Helblindi arrived at the same conclusion as Loki did: the best course of action would be eavesdropping. Airi would be suitable. Airi is a nonharmful poison which tells the victims brains it's sleepy-time. After basting his gloves with the sleeping drug, he headed to find someone talking about Loki. The plan was simple what could go wrong? He would touch Loki, bring him to Helblindi's room and once Loki had awoken, explain the situation.

The throne room looked huge. Laufey-king was sitting on his throne head in his hands talking about Loki with a female? jotun. Female, Loki decided. They both looked quite worried, Loki thought there was something disturbing about that.

"What if the boy gets himself killed?", asked Laufey gently with just a tint of annoyance.

The female touched Laufey's face, "Sweetheart we have our son back you should rejoice", she continued with a small voice: "but if he wants to go back to Asgard, we should let him."

Laufey looked ready to murder her. "And what be with those monsters? I wonder if they even told him he was Jotun? He was just a baby when The All-father took him from us, don't you remember?"

The female looked livid. She pushed Laufey against a wall and growled in his ear: "HOW CAN YOU EVEN ASK ME THAT? I BORE LOPTR FOR FIFTEEN HORRIFYING MONTHS AT A WAR THAT YOU STARTED JUST BECAUSE YOU WANTED THE TESSERAKT! YET HE WAS MY GREATEST JOY AND I WOULD LIKE NOTHING MORE THAN TEACH HIM THE WAYS OF OUR PEOPLE. IN THE LIGHT OF OUR CURRENT CIRCUMSTANCES THAT MAY NOT BE AN OPTION IF THEY MESSED HIM UP ENOUGH WHICH THERE IS ALMOST A 100% CHANCE. DO NOT THINK THE THOUGHT OF LETTING HIM GO WITH THOSE MONSTERS WON'T SHATTER MY HEART."

Laufey just pouted and looked at her playfully with tears in his eyes, "Whatever would I do without you?"

"Be miserable of course", she teased. They both laughed.

At some point, Loki had stopped listening. Millions of thoughts running through his head faster than lightning not quite latching on to any. It was kind of amusing he supposed. Thor always did say there would be a day when the chaos Loki created would be his doom. Loki loved mischief. In fact, the mortals named him the literal god of mischief. Mortals had a prophecy that said Loki was Jotun but their prophecy also said Loki gave birth to an eight-legged horse, so he didn't really take it seriously.

Helblindi went to his parents to ask for help. Next to them, the atmosphere was changing. It resembled the air above a fire. Sort of vibrating.

Loki didn't even notice Helblindi, much less remember to maintain the spell properly. Something landed on his shoulder. Loki let out a loud shriek making him forget all about the fact that he was still naked while he dropped his glamour.

Loki tried to struggle but the jotun didn't let go.

"Let go or I will castrate you!", shouted the little Jotun in panic.

The sleeping drug was starting to take its toll as the royal couple stared baffled; clueless of where their youngest son had come from. As Loki slumped, Helblindi caught him.

oOo

It felt wrong; there was something amiss but it felt so peaceful, just lying there warm and content. Everything was probably intended to be just like this. There was a voice somewhere far away laughing. The volume started amplifying. It turned to screaming. Oh Norns, make it stop! Why was it swinging in here? Was he on a boat? Well, at least he was certain of one thing, he was going to hurl soon.

Head on Helblindi's lap, gentle fingers slowly combing through his hair. The little one was really starting to make Helblindi worry. Although a big part of him felt proud. When he was younger he wouldn't have had the guts to face off with a grown Valur. They were six meters tall monsters, ugly, terrifying, fast and tough to kill. Yet the little squirt had managed to kill it without even

touching it. Now the squirt was asleep but more importantly safe and they had a chance to start anew.

"Loki wake up."

"When will we get off this damn ship?"

"No you're not in a ship, you're home."

"But I don't wanna live in a ship." Helblindi let out a little snort and tried making a bargain. "Let's make a deal. If you open your eyes I promise to crash the ship."

Chapter End Notes

valsha=dumass

Just because.

Okay a summary of what has happened because my text is jumpy.

First Loki let the jotuns to the weapons vault.

Thor's merry band went to Jotunheim.

Loki got kidnapped.

Healer talks with Laufey.

Loki woke up.

Helblindi drugs Loki.

Helblindi watches Loki sleep. (That sounds kind of creepy.)

Loki talks with Laufey. (On the next chapter.)

I will try to update at the end of Friday or the beginning of Saturday.

introductions

Chapter Summary

a family dinner

Chapter Notes

Hi

It's been a little while. I wrote the other three chapters before I even created my account so they came pretty fast. I'll try to post a new chapter once a week although they are pretty short. It's been fun. This work probably will about 7-10 chapters long depends on if anyone asks for me to continue or leaves kudos. It's all very new for me, so tell me if you want me to continue.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

At some point, Loki must have zoned out. The senses came back one by one. His sight came first. He was wrapped in a nice warm blanket, did jotnar even use blankets? The auditory sense came second. A dark deep voice was talking with someone.

"Hello Loki can you hear me?"

Oh, he was talking to Loki.

Loki opened his eyes. They came across Laufey smiling at him. Wasn't there someone else just here? At least they hadn't moved him while unconscious. It was starting to get old and creepy real fast.

"Your brother told me you were awake."

Loki squinted his eyes, "Well then, my brother is a tattletale." He added a side question, "How can you be my father?"

Laufey bypassed his question. "You are very talented to have managed to pull a spell like that."

Brows pressed tightly together Loki repeated his question emphasizing every word.

Laufey still didn't answer. "Ever since you were a baby we knew you were just like your dam."

"My dam?" That arguably means mother. Loki let out a nervous laugh. "She's terrifying."

Laufey matched his laugh. "You couldn't be more right about that. She's a hell of a woman, Farbauti kicked my ass and made me kneel when I lost to her in holmganga. They nicknamed her the cruel striker."

His grin reminded Loki of himself, of how similar they looked. The same high cheekbones, skinny face thou Laufey looked very lean because there was a famine in Jotunheim. Asgard's fault Loki

knew. Asgard had stolen their main energy source.

Loki kept his face straight even if he wanted to smile. Deciding to test his boundaries Loki said, "She reminds me of Frigga."

"Tell me about her, did she treat you well?"

Out of defiance and honesty, Loki answered: "She was the best mother anyone could have wished for. She always had time for me despite her queenly duties. I don't know how she managed to withstand mine and Thor's shenanigans." He let out an honest laugh.

Laufey looked sympathetic as he reached out to give Loki's shoulder a reassuring squeeze. "I promise you: you will fall in love with Jotunheim before the first year has transpired if you don't we will return you back in one piece. Maybe not the same but a little more educated version shall we say?" Laufey quipped.

For the first time, Loki looked happy as he looked him in the eye. Loki looked so hopeful it made Laufey's heart ache.

"I get to go back home?"

"Yes son." He said while looking like a kicked puppy but continued cheerfully: "You're going to the Eastern temples tomorrow with Helblindi and Byleistr. Also, breakfast, upstairs in five minutes."

oOo

Damn, five minutes was up ten minutes ago. The royal family was sitting around a table waiting for Loki.

"Sire, where is Loki?" Asked Helblindi in a cheerful voice.

Laufey didn't get a chance to answer for their new addition was peeking out of the door.

"Come in snowflake." Quipped Farbauti, gently tapping the empty seat next to her. They were all staring at him. Loki felt like the walls were closing in on him. Helblindi jumped out of his chair and ran to him. "Chop chop, food's getting cold." As Loki looked ready to pass out he added: "You know if you faint I'll give you mouth-to-mouth."

"Helblindi!" Shouted both his parents in unison.

"It was just a joke. Fine whatever Byleistr would have laughed."

Helblindi turned back to his parents. "Sire, dam, when is Byleistr to return?"

"Tomorrow honey. Loki sweetie come here." Said Farbauti in a gentle, yet commanding voice. They seemed so normal. It was concerning. Loki had known that the stories were overdriven but he didn't know the extent of it.

He hopped to his tall chair and tried not to eyeball his food. Instead, he gazed at his new family. Particularly at Helblindi who seemed to notice it and decided to something.

"Thanks for saving me shorty. I owe you one", Bowed Helblindi.

"He's just messing with you, sweetie. You are of perfectly normal height."

At Loki's raised eyebrow, Laufey backed up his wife.

Laufey waved about at Helblindi. "Helblindi is still a good 2 feet shorter than me and I am 10 feet tall. By our society's standards, we are both normal height as Helblindi is still growing. Jotuns are funny like that. They are the same size as Asgardians until they have a growth spurt when they reach 1500. Thanks to an exquisite cell-regeneration-rate some of our elders even lived up to 40 000. Though non-to this day."

"Pardon me but how old is Helblindi?"

"He just turned 1704 three months ago. Byleistr is 1500 and Laufey and I lost count of our age." She giggled at the last part.

"Now this is laval. It includes fish, flobberies, hoybeans, potatoes and a fruit. It's a basic dish, try it."

Everyone carried on with their previous conversation to make it less oppressive. There was no salt but other than that it was typical. Certainly not his worst meal. A delightful memory came to mind.

He started with a shy voice but finished strongly. "You know we A.K.A me, Thor and his friends once went to Salarus. There was so much food in the room we thought Volstagg was going to faint. He is the chubby one. Anyhow when he was done eating, the baffled-looking head-chef asked him: "Sir have you eaten enough of the Rova's food or do are you planning to eat it all?"

"A loud meow sound echoed through the corridors followed by a sound of something enormous running. It was 20 feet tall and looked like a mix of a cat and a lion though I doubt you know what they look like. It's like a tiny valur except it has hair you could easily kill it. The rove stomped forward until it was staring into Volstagg's eyes only a foot away. He looked ready to wet his pants. The rove opened its mouth and scooped Volstagg into its mouth, apparently, he tasted horrible as he was spat through the room and dashed against Sif. Now they were both covered in thick, green slime."

By the end of the day, everyone had a bright smile on their lips.

Chapter End Notes

If there are major plot-holes or anything annoying sorry. This is something that just came from my brains. My beautiful chaos.

I promise to update on Saturday.

Byleistr arrives

Chapter Summary

So byleistr comes back and we dive into his psyche for a little.

Chapter Notes

Couldn't wait till Saturday so here is a little clip. It took about four hours and I'm kind of proud of that. At the beginning it would have taken like 8 hours.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

He woke up with a splitting headache; it felt like walls were moving. How much did he drink last night? He was sure it hadn't been that much, maybe two or three pints at most. Oh, Norns, his head hurt.

And if that wasn't bad enough he noticed a long arm wrapped around his torso. For a moment, panic set in. No, nonono, I didn't, did I? I can't remember a thing since tasting the drink. He took a few deep breaths. Okay, calm down. Of course, he hadn't bedded a frost giant. If it had had his/hers? way with him, he would be able to feel it's aftereffects. He winced at the thought. Who was he? Fandal? His style, unlike someone's, wasn't sleeping with anything that breathes.

Loki looked over to see that it was Helblindi who was currently intruding on his personal space. Okay, just a quick question, why is his biological brother sleeping in the same bed with him? Helblindi's face was serene and had a small smirk on it as if he was having the funniest dream ever. Or maybe he was awake but had a horrible poker face. Instead of investigating more Loki just buried himself deeper under the cover hoping that sleep would take him away. Preferably somewhere warm.

oOo

Helblindi's POV

Farbauti was looking at me and Loki amusedly. "Could you be a darling and put your brother to bed. I think both of you have had a little too much to drink."

Oh right, I should...probably...bed...yes. I burst into giggles at the sight of my younger brother passed out onto his chair after drinking two pints. Deam amateur. I lifted him up in a bridal carry and headed to his room. Just as I thought relievedly (not because Loki was heavy but because walking became increasingly hard) that we reached his room I realized: this is my room, ups. It's all the same; I doubt the squirt minds. After sloppily tucking him in, I wrapped a loose arm around him. I'm never gonna let anyone take you from me. Hmm, Loki's hair was getting in my face. Hair is so weird. Why do Assguardians have hair? Assguardians, I snickered to myself and blacked out.

oOo

"Rise and shine!" Shouted a new voice harder than necessary and pulled the blankets off. Helblindi

was starting to wake up, while Loki was busy throwing up next to the bed. Bye, bye pleasant dreams, hello hangover.

“Well, well look what we have here!” Byleistr was laughing his ass off.

The brothers had a staring contest which Byleistr won because Helblindi's strong urge to empty his stomach's contents to the floor won in the end.

His new brother? knelled at his side and put his hand on Loki's shoulder. “Hi, short stack you okay?” Byleistr asked, looking worriedly at his new little brother.

“Can't breathe.” Loki managed between hurling and unsuccessfully trying to force oxygen back to his body. Okay, not the first impression he had planned on. Loki mentally face-palmed himself.

Byleistr got on one knee and held Loki's hair from his face while simultaneously patting his back. Byleistr couldn't help but smirk at hearing how Loki had ended up drinking two mugs. Two pints is an enormous amount for someone of his age, although the brothers had tried a couple times. It's hard to grow wheat here, so the alcohol was extra strong and consumed only on special occasions. Byleistr whispered into Loki's ear, “I heard you took quite a lot last night. Maybe next time leave the heavy stuff to the pros, okay?”

As he didn't get an answer, only the sound of vomit hitting the floor, it came clear Loki wasn't listening.

Watching his brother, tracing the lines on Loki's back, Byleistr asked: “You do know that...”

“Not a good time Byleistr!” Loki screamed at him.

oOo

“I gather you won't be going to the temples tonight.” Inquired Laufey.

Bypassing his question, brows together Byleistr countered: “Sire, did Loki know he was Jotun?”

“He did not my son.”

“But doesn't that make him one of them?” Tried Byleistr carefully.

“Byleistr look at me. When you are near him do you not feel a bond?”

Looking at his sweaty hands nervously, Byleistr just shrugged. “It's not like being around Helblindi. It feels weaker. Like being with a friend.”

“What if you get to go to Kura with both your brothers tomorrow? Image what you could find there.”

The shorter one eyed Laufey suspiciously. There had to be a catch. Last time they snuck there was around 400 years ago. It had ended with both severely injured and a Farbauti who fussed over the incident for years.

“It depends on what the catch is.”

Laufey snorted and grinned brightly. “No catch cross my heart. I just thought that it would be a good idea for you to get out the palace for a while.” As Byleistr didn't relent Laufey confessed: “And well I thought that if there is going to be some hospitality with the Asgardians you wouldn't get in the crossfire.”

Byleistr looked like Laufey had just kicked his favorite puppy and shouted: “If there will be a fight I have every right to defend my home!” Before he got to continue Laufey cut in: “What if Helblindi gets hurt; what if he dies? Would you ever be able to forgive yourself?” Looking at his own hands he continued: “That’s how I feel about the chances of any of you four injured.”

Byleistr got his point but didn’t understand why Kura was a safer choice.

“But sire how is Kura better? Does dam know?”

Laufey quirked an eyebrow. “Let’s just say to her you’re going to the Eastern temples okay? To answer your question Kura is better because if you would find a scroll on sliders it would give us a significant advantage; it would be useful being able to shoot them with technology surpassing even theirs. I wouldn’t ask this otherwise but we are on the brink of war my son. You are dismissed, go check on Loki for me.”

Chapter End Notes

In the next chapter it will be Loki and Frigga talking. Frigga will use the hologram-fire-thing to speak to Loki.

Why did you lie?

Chapter Summary

So many Loki feels. I am not sure if it's as emotional as I thought but I literally cried at the beginning while writing this.

It's basically Frigga visiting Loki and Farbauti teaching Loki about jotun biology. For the record there shall be touching but it is in no way sexual.

Chapter Notes

I took a couple things from

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/1166738/chapters/2372866>

It is an amazing fic and you should absolutely read it if you like jotun Loki.

I will maybe! write a separate story on Loki being treated like a child but it wouldn't fit in this fic.

I tried not to make him too out of character so I basically added that jotuns get more 'feel-good-hormones' when touched and so it's a more touchy-feely society and family had a bigger role in society because in poorer countries families are closer; they need each other more to survive the harsh environment.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A shimmering not unlike his own appeared in front of him. Loki knew just who it was even before he saw her. His heart filled with joy and tears filled his eyes. While subconsciously walking towards her, he noticed she had been crying. With a bright smile, she asked: "My son, how do you fare? I am sorry to have caused you such distress. All will be explained. I wanted to tell you but your father had forbidden me. I am truly sorry my son, you make me proud, never doubt that but the situation is fragile. We must be cautious. We are on the brink of another war, so, Laufey and I had a negotiation and we agreed on you staying here. It's just for a year and after that, you can go home." Loki tried to take Frigga's hands in his but they went right through. Somewhere deep down he had forgotten but no, she was not really here.

"Mother I will do my duty to Asgard and her people; try my hardest to prevent a war. I love you but no longer trust you. How could I? You lied to me my whole life." Anger was boiling beneath his core waiting for the release and now was his change. He was hurting and as much as he hated hurting Frigga it felt unfair that he alone had to suffer for his parents' crimes.

Hissing with a broken voice: "You know I hear that Farbauti is quite the fighter. I agree you are too but at least she has the balls to stand up for what she believes. That's the difference between you two. She doesn't take orders like a little mewling quim. She wouldn't have watched from the side as her own children are taught that they are monsters, should be killed at sight! If you truly

had loved me, maybe you should have taught me the truth. I can't even look at myself without wanting to tear the poisonous blue away."

Heavy tears streamed down his cheeks, kneeling in front of her, there came an annoying knock on his door. "Feeling better?" Loki deducted from her lighter voice that it was Farbauti bothering him. The prince just wanted to speak with Frigga and then be alone for a while. He didn't want to let her or Odin down. Having experience being an ambassador before he knew how this worked. Keep your opinions to yourself and work towards the best of Asgard.

The sight that greeted her took her off guard. "I thought I heard something."

The prince considered lying but decided against it. It turns out when your hangover and crying on your knees you don't have a lot of willpower. You learn something new every day and her timing couldn't have been better, he thought sarcastically.

"Frigga came to see me. It was just a hologram. We had a fight." He said still sniffing. Not bothering to stand up he just decided to curl up on the floor.

Her boy was heartbroken. His damage ran a lot deeper than you would think if you only looked at his skin. Certainly, the monsters had hurt him but with time and effort, even the deepest wounds can heal. She put one arm under his knees and the other under the prince's back. He started squirming immediately not used to such physicality.

"Loki hush. There's nothing wrong with this. We are family. In Asgard, it is seen as a sign of weakness and means that you are unmanly but it is not the case here. All jotuns are connected to each other physically and mentally there is no shame in taking comfort as long as nobody gets hurt.

The queen carried him to a mirror and helped him to his feet. The prince turned away at the sight only looking at the ground. She waited patiently for him to look in the mirror. It took a couple minutes but he did. Apart from the prince being shorter and having hair, they looked alike. Gently guiding the prince's hand to his forehead.

"This is the crown of Ymir. The tale goes that a long time ago Ymir had a contest. Every jotun participated. The goal was to get three things: Ymir's crown, staff, and jewels. There are still stories of how half of the population died fighting for them. Our ancestor won in the end and Ymir planted his crown on her head making a powerful spell so that the crown could never be stripped and so there it sits on the heads of you, Byleistr and Helblindi. Because the marking change while you grow older, Laufey doesn't have it. He used to look just like you. You will be able to keep it if you want. It is a sign of power, you will need it to earn the people's respect. Laufey didn't inherit much seidr from his parents so he could not practice the art but I can certainly feel yours. You got it from me your brothers have a little but not nearly enough, their crowns will fade. I will teach you to practice your seidr. You must also learn to control the ice just like every other jotun can. You will make me proud. I love you."

Her hands around his waist he looked at her in the mirror. “Is Helblindi to be the ruler?”

“Why, do you want to be?”

“I never wanted Asgard’s throne. Just to keep Thor from it. Consider what would have happened if he had already crowned. He would have marched in here with Asgard’s entire army and well you can guess what would have happened.”

“To answer your question. Laufey and I will decide who shall be crowned. Not one of you has shown interest yet so time will tell.”

Farbauti continued with a more cheerful tone. “Oblivion, little one you haven’t eaten yet. That shall be remedied right away!”

The queen took his hand leading him to the dining room.

Loki thought it was embarrassing but failed to let go. Her touch felt grounding in a way he had never felt before. It had been the case with Byleistr too. Loki kept wondering about something Farbauti said. “What did you mean when you said: ‘All jotuns are connected to each other physically and mentally’?”

“When a Jotun is pregnant, her seidr flows into the baby. Seidr is what connects us to Yggdrasil allows us to draw power from it. Your seidr seeks a carrier who has similar seidr. It is why we all are connected. But that seidr is different from the one you are used to. Ours is a special subtype. If for example one of your family would pass away you would experience severe pain for one of strongest connections had been severed.

Loki wanting to lighten up the mood: “I see you’re the cheerful one!”

Farbauti just smirked. Loki thought: It’s just like looking in the mirror.

Chapter End Notes

Okay I have to break the whole regular updates thing because of school but don't worry I will update just not every week.

Ready, set, GO!!!

Chapter Summary

Loki tries to learn how to control ice.

Chapter Notes

I wanted to write something fun before test-week begins. So the scene isn't finished yet, and I will continue, because a snowball fight with frost giants sounds awesome. And Loki loves to learn new things.

Byleistr and Helblindi were having a handstand-competition while they waited for Loki's return.

"Should we wait until morning to practice with him? He's taking forever!" Said a bored, purple-faced Byleistr.

"No, we are leaving for Kura tomorrow."

Byleistr reached his limit, they had already been upside-down for ten minutes, and tried to stand normally, but collapsed on the floor. Sounding upset he asked: "Oh, right. You know fathers sending us there just to keep us from fighting with the Thunderer. You wanna go?"

The taller prince did a little victory-dance and proceeded the conversation. "You know what we should do? We should teach the squirt fighting. I bet he doesn't know how to mold ice. If he goes out there, he's going to get himself killed within minutes, without a shadow of a doubt."

A grin appeared on Byleistr's face. "You know, I should be the one teaching him while you can come up with a plan, after all, I was always better with seidr."

The older one curls his lower lip and says with mock-hurt: "You're so mean!"

On a more serious tone, the younger one asked: "Do you think there is really going to be a new

war? We barely made it through the last one.”

The older one takes hold of Byleistr’s shoulders giving them a reassuring squeeze while maintaining eye-contact for a long while. They didn’t need words to know what the other was thinking. After Byleistr gave a strong nod, Helblindi matched his smile and pulled him into a hug.

oOo

The door opened revealing a smiling Loki. Byleistr ran to him and threw him off the ground for a few seconds, earning a surprised shriek. “FINALLY!” Yelled the older one excitedly.

At Loki’s terrified expression Helblindi walked forward and explained, slipping a little joke in.

“It’s quite alright Loki. He was just bored and don’t worry that’s not knife on his dress, he’s just happy to see you.”

Both blushed and narrowed their eyes at Helblindi, who clapped his hands together and shouted: “Alright girls, are you ready for training or do you want to put jewelry on first?!”

Byleistr matched his shout with volume that made Loki wince and covered his ears: “Aye, Aye captain.”

Laughing Helblindi surpassed even Byleistr’s volume. “Uuh, I think I just got hard on.”

oOo

It reminded an igloo, except the sealing was 100 feet tall.

Hands far apart, Byleistr introduced the impressive building. “Our training facility. Gorgeous, isn’t it? At your right, is the arena where we basically have duals, a lot. At your left, is a snow castle where we learn the fine-tuning; how to re-shape ice more delicately. It’s for seidr experts only, which reminds me, I have to ask: HOW ON YMIR’S FROZEN BALLS did you scare the valur away?!”

Loki answered as if it was the most natural thing ever but couldn't keep from giggling at the end: "As Helblindi had kindly informed me that the creature has thermal-vision, I simply made it see heat, were there wasn't any. You should have seen the look on Helblindi's face, priceless.

Blushing, Helblindi tried to change the topic.

"Take a fighting-stance, close your eyes and relax all muscles. Remember: Jotunheim is a big part of you and you are just a small part of it." He placed his hand in front of the little one's eyes. "No peeking!"

"Now, try to feel the energy beneath your feet. Remember, you're not in Asgard, the energy is different. You will fail the first time, especially, now that the Casket isn't here." Loki noticed a significant drop in Helblindi's mood as soon as he mentioned the Casket.

He knew it was a sore subject but if he was staying in Jotunheim, he had to know these things. "Odin told us the Casket was Jotunheim's source of power. What does that mean exactly?"

His brothers just smiled sadly. Helblindi and Byleistr watched each other seemingly having come to an unspoken arrangement. "Later, it's not exactly a light topic."

"Let's continue, a change in perspective is necessary, for you to truly grasp the skill. Simply focus on the energy that is beneath your feet."

Eyes closed, Loki concentrated. Thoughts of the Casket were disturbing his concentration, fortunately, Frigga had taught his self-discipline through meditation. No, why had he thought about her? It hurt, she was the wisest and kindest being ever to exist. Yet, she had betrayed his trust. How could she? His mother has been the only one, who he had confided, with his deepest secrets and fears. Yet, she had betrayed 'her son's' trust.

There was powerful magic beneath the core of the planet. Alas, it felt completely different from Asgard's; Loki wasn't used to it; it felt strange and hard to grasp.

Loki looked hilariously frustrated; like he was low in fiber. The brothers couldn't keep from snickering.

As his brother seemed ready to burn a hole through them, Byleistr decided to call it quits.

“Enough! It isn’t working, and this certainly isn’t amusing!”

The eldest had an idea, it was surely going to backfire in his face but there was a chance it might help Loki.

“Loki shut your eyes again.” As he didn’t obey, Helblindi repeated the request.

“Trust me?”

Loki let out a nervous laugh. “Honestly, no.” They had exceeded his expectations of been a political hostage or simply been beaten to death. Still, it was barely his fourth day in Jotunheim and even though it seemed safe, you never know. He was still on enemy-territory.

Helblindi surpassed his answer. “Nonsense, of course, you do. How could you not swoon over something this gorgeous? Just admit it” He smirked at Byleistr. “Never mind, I got a better idea. How about, we teach him, the way Farbauti taught us?”

An enthusiastic shout fled from Byleistr.

“SNOWBALL FIGHT!!!”

The two brothers smiled as if two predators stalking each other started counting, “Ready, set, GO!” and ran like their lives counted on victory.

Something freezing Loki him, knocking him off his feet. OH, SHIT I AM HAVING A SNOWBALL FIGHT WITH FROST GIANTS. Loki couldn’t decide if this was a dream come true or a hilarious nightmare. He just knew: running was the best option right now.

Turning invisible, the sorcerer hid in the snow castle. His brothers had somehow pulled up small ice-fortresses in front of them and were throwing snowballs at each other with full strength. Byleistr was better at scolding the ice, but Helblindi was the master of accuracy.

The sorcerer wound up joining them.

“Loki come here, you and me against Helblindi!”

Trying to compliment Loki, Helblindi whined, “OH, come on, that’s cheating!”

Loki blushed slightly, covered it, and headed to his fortress.

Earlier on Loki’s second day, while passing his room, the door had been left open and Helblindi had caught Loki looking in a mirror, in his asgardian form. The little one had looked so pale and sickly. Still, the elder understood why he did it. If he himself would have been forced to look like an Asgardian, surely, he would have shifted back at every chance he got.

Like having glitter all over.

Chapter Summary

I focused more on Loki's brothers on the chapter. It continues with the snowball fight and later, the boys get ready to dance. And I took a scene from Shadowhunters, altered, of course. Hope you like it.

Chapter Notes

This isn't relevant to the story but I thought to share it anyway. I had this Idea in the morning a couple days ago. And I'm still just overly hyped up about it.

What if Loki's mother was a Skrull?

I mean, it fits with another theory.

So, a couple thousand years ago. Unknowingly Laufey fucked a disguised Skrull. Then Loki was born. He didn't look quite like the normal Jonar do but it was ok. The Asgardians drove the Jotnar to the heart of the planet where the children and the elderly were kept safe. Laufey fought against Odin for Loki and the Casket but lost. When Odin picked up Loki, his was scared and his Skrull genes activated and he pulled a memory from Odin. Loki also had turned into a snake when he was only 8 years old. A memory of Hela and shifted to look a lot like her. Skrulls are natural shapeshifters and can pull memories, I think. If not a Skrull then some other shapeshifter race. So if you would like, tell me what you think. Also, I decided to change the story's ending so I just swept the Kura thing under the rug.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Giving the newbie a wink, “Okay, now, Loki, your job is to sneak behind him, and well, you’ll figure something out, while I will be distracting our darling little snowflake.”

Running across the hall, the sorcerer barely avoided getting his face plummeted with huge ice-spikes thanks to quick reflexes and years of battle-training. Once he reached Byleistr, the boy pondered on strategy. Red eyes closed, he concentrated on breathing.

Frigga’s gentle voice flashed in his head: “There is energy flowing all around us. You just must know how to look! Look Loki!” The voice finished demanding.

The Jotun’s eyes started glowing golden as he began seeing the streams. My god, they were everywhere. The lines alternated between green, gold and red; a bit like someone was painting with sparkling steam.

Shaping the steam fluently just like he had learned to with regular seidr, he pulled it forward into a big pile. Not satisfied with it yet; Loki decided it was missing something, something handsome. Raising his hands, a splendid idea came to mind.

Eyes shut relaxedly, maintaining a steady rhythm of deep breaths in and deep breaths out. Not

being able to help himself, the prince was beaming from ear to ear, as the boy watched his masterpiece unfold.

“Holy...”, Byleistr had at some point came to his right and was now laughing, looking between stunned and a tint of jealous.

“...Shit”, finished Helblindi.

Staring at a 40 feet tall ice sculpture of Loki with horns on the helmet, was a sight to behold.

o0o

One moment Loki had been proud, the next he was struggling for breath as Helblindi crushed him in a bearhug.

“Yay, I’m being squeezed to death!”, came a wheezing, sarcastic voice.

“You do know, the purpose is not to crush bones, don’t you?” As no answer came, Loki tried to get some enjoyment of the hug. It reminded him of Thor when they were younger. It reminded him of his brother’s hugs on Asgard the hugs had always been equally painful and comforting.

He had been loved there as much as it appeared he was loved here. His former people had gotten used to his tricks by now. Compared to some of the things the mage had done, this barely even counts anymore, although, he wasn’t sure what Odin had said to the people by now. Perhaps, he had been proclaimed a hostage. Perhaps, they had spoken the truth, however slim that chance was.

Once The trickster had pretended to be a wolf and wrestled with Frigga licking the queen in the town square. It had been an accident, he had been young and still not fully mastered the art of shapeshifting. It was difficult to control all his new hormones. As first the people had been terrified but when the queen had started laughing, everybody had started cheering. One half for Frigga and the other for the wolf.

The Asgard was breath-taking, ask just about anyone. The Loki missed it dearly, even if Jotunheim had become a home from home.

The Giant set him down and whispered gently to his ear: “Loki, we need to talk.”

The silver tongue easily managed to convince the two to let him speak to their parents before doing anything too rash.

o0o

Loki was speaking with Farbauti. Her face was smiling but eyes promised excruciating death. Loki thought it hilarious. This was going to be so much fun.

His mother sent a missive to her husband.

Dear husband

Could you please enlighten me on why you sent our sons on a suicide trip? I would be very grateful if you came here at your earliest convenience.

I’m waiting

o0o

Apparently, Farbauti had already conversed with Frigga on the matter at hand and they had arrived at the conclusion of letting the Jotnar use the Casket for a month to prepare the damage the party,

who had broken the treaty, had cost.

oOo

A month after, a celebration was at hand. Only two days left and Helblindi was freaking out. He was pacing over his room cold sweat dripping from his forehead. Byleistr was snickering at him and Loki was trying to settle him down.

Usually, Helblindi was the one good with people but when it came to the opposite sex, he was he was like the dog looking for scraps of food. On the other hand, Byleistr could get any girl, guy, hell he could probably get a Valur to dance with him.

The oldest kept blabbering, "What should I wear? I'm going to have to find a date, otherwise, it will look strange. I will be the only one without a companion. For oblivion's sake, even Loki has one!"

"Brother dear, I only have an escort because I had the balls to ask her. If you just did the same, I would give you my word she would say yes."

"But, but...what if I freeze again? Or stutter?"

"So what? You know, when I was younger, I used to suffer from a bad speech impediment. It had been my first grand ball and I had wanted to impress Odin more than anything but when it was my turn to keep a speech, my mouth refused to co-operate. I felt so humiliated I couldn't leave my room for a month. Nowadays, they call me the Silver-tongued. You just need the practice."

Helblindi seemed to ponder over his words. "So, Byleistr, who are you bringing?"

In front of the mirror, Byleistr was 'sharpening' his heritage lines. It was a tradition when one was to be eyed and evaluated by a large crowd, usually done before a holmganga or courting. First, you paint over them, then someone else, a family member or your spouse combines their seidr with yours. It's a rather pleasurable activity. Not pleasurable like sex but like a feeling of belonging.

Being a part of the royal family was worth sharing and heightened his chances on his next quest. "Roval was my first choice but he already had someone. I guess we'll both have to find a date, brother dearest." Helblindi ruffled the smirking Jotun's hair.

"Hey, watch the hair!" Byleistr quickly started correcting it.

Not sounding remorseful at all, his brother 'apologized', "My bad."

Annoyed Byleistr gave him a light elbow to the ribs, "You've been spending too much time with Loki," and asked his little brother, who was looking proud of his corruption, "Could you...?", waving his hand absently in front of his own body.

As Loki's eyebrows just kept elevating and Byleistr was still not getting it, Helblindi annotated, "Ever crossed your mind the squirt has never even heard of the concept: 'sharpen heritage lines'."

"Hah, okay then, take my hands, and no, there is nothing unmanly about it, your society's social rules were just invented by a dumbass."

Hands grasped tightly on their chest level the two stood almost close enough to their chests to touch. It felt tingly at first, starting from his upper body spreading to his shoulders and to his hands. The sorcerer studied his fingertips carefully. On the outside, there wasn't anything peculiar about them, aside from their color but on the inside, there was a feeling of warmth traveling and sadly leaving him. Craving the long-lost feeling, Loki almost let go but was pulled back to reality by the

golden glow coming from their hands.

Byleistr's lines began to radiate light for a flashing moment and just like that that it was over.

Byleistr's lines were now darker, sharper, still slightly glowing.

He's staring was interrupted by Helblindi's cocky, teasing voice, "Look, I get it, any man would eat my brother alive when he looks like that but you should probably just focus on yourself."

That was when the boy noticed, Byleistr wasn't the only one who had changed. The trickster god's lines had gone through the same transformation. The lines weren't as dark but they were still shining. It was a peculiar feeling, like having glitter all over his body. The skin felt rougher when he touched it, the lines were now a lot more sensitive, causing a shiver to run up when Laufey pat him on back a couple hours from now.

o0o

It had been a long day, too long. Hours after hours of assuring, convincing and reassuring, Helblindi had finally summoned enough courage to ask a girl out. Her name was Hera. She was an old friend or more of an acquaintance, they had first met at the training facility they had shown Loki. She overpowered him slightly, but Helblindi had managed to win a couple rounds after the initial shock. She reminded him of Farbauti. If one were to compare his and Laufey's taste in women, the apple didn't fall far from the tree. But when it came to Byleistr, there wasn't much common ground between them. His brother didn't shy away from pleasure when offered. Not that Helblindi didn't occasionally enjoy himself a little. Alcohol had the tendency of blocking inhibitions even with the holiest of men. (Not that Helblindi was regarded as such.)

o0o

Three out of five members of the royal family were sitting and waiting patiently for the rest to arrive. Loki was observing the proper etiquette, Laufey keeping an eye on Loki; trying to see if he was nervous, excited, sad or content. Farbauti was busy reading the chefs and the guards reports. Everything seemed to be going just like it was supposed to, that in itself, was nerve-racking.

"Darling, could you fetch your brother for me, please?"

Lazily Loki noted, "You know, the word brother is a bit ambiguous in that context."

Laufey followed from the corner of his eye. His wife has never been so stressed out. It was just a matter of time before it was going to blow up in someone's face and he sure as hell wasn't going to be at the receiving end.

Without looking up, she answered, "Either one will do but both would be wonderful, please."

Jumping off of his throne glad of the distraction, Loki courtly bowed, "Yes, dam," and ran.

Chapter End Notes

I got the inspiration to the glowing heritage lines from the show shadow hunters. I hope you liked it, also I had a little righting block when it came to the actual dancing scene so I will maybe post it later or just skip it. I have future plans on how the night will end and it's going to be really sweet. The next chapter might be the last one, I

haven't decided yet. I didn't put much many Asgardians in the story because this was focused solely on Loki and Jotunheim. There are too few stories about Jotunheim that don't have Loki and Thor fucking. I'm a 16-year-old Fin who has a younger brother who is 3 years younger than me and an older brother who is a year and a half older than me and just the thought of them getting intimate makes me really sick even if they weren't biological brothers. Love you, and thank you for reading.

The Blue Lagoon

Chapter Summary

Everyone has fun and Laufey and Loki spend some time together.

Chapter Notes

Hello lovelies

The ending was too long for just a single chapter and you would have had to wait for too long. So here you go. The other one will be posted 14th of January, tops. I haven't fully decided the ending yet but there is going to be a fight scene followed by so much fluff. It's my final chapter so I don't want to do it too quickly and mess it up.

I felt really insecure about the class society thing. You can ignore it if you want to. I won't bring it up again.

One, two, three

One, two, three

One, two, three

The show had begun.

Don't dress to impress. Dress to depress. Dress so exquisitely, the others feel horrible about themselves. Check. Don't step on your partner's feet. Check. Have a polite smile on their faces. Check. Well, this is going wonderfully, so far.

Farbauti's attention had drawn to her sons. The night was going as expected. A night like this was splendid for moral.

It couldn't have been possible without the newly returned Casket. The contract between her and Frigga had said: the Jotnar had to give the casket back after a month, but since the All-Father still hadn't awoken from odinsleep and Loki had vouched for them, Frigga had given them the permission to keep it until further notice, albeit that didn't calm her nerves.

Her little Byleistr was as charming as always. The boy had already danced with 20 different partners, men and women alike, five of whom, he had taken to his bedroom. His big brother seemed to have let go of his nerves and was now in full swing having the time of his life. Loki, she noticed, was quite the social climber. Her youngest had observed and learned from silently spying atmosphere, etiquette and had molded himself into a perfect gentleman.

Now was her turn; her time to shine. Her youngest had kindly offered to make an outfit for her. The queen was now dressed only in a short, golden, sparkling dress that barely covered her privates.

Her son's expression had been a bit sheepish and embarrassed when he had heard her request of style.

The king and the queen gracefully entered the room's center. All surrounding them bowed deeply.

Jotnar had three classes: upper, middle and lower. There wasn't a big difference between them. At the end of the day, everyone had their hands dirty. The upper class consisted of royalty and landlords. The middle consisted of healers, teachers, et cetera. The lower class; the largest one, was full of soldiers and workers. The soldiers weren't treated badly and would have gladly given their lives if given the word. It was possible to climb up or fall from your position, it was quite common in fact. You weren't stuck in the class you were born in. The nation was a one well-oiled machine working to keep their loved ones safe and survive in the harsh environment.

About one twentieth of the population had gathered there. The lower class started dancing and twirling around them. The middle class had agreed on being the servants and the band because the lower class usually did the hard work and now was their night to let loose. The majority were outside since most Jotnar weren't bothered by the cold. They were taught as children how to control their own body temperature.

The ball ended with Helblindi leaving early with an invitation to a next date. Byleistr and he left to their own rooms.

oOo

Lying lazily on their bed both exhausted after a good time.

"Sweetheart...?" Farbauti asked vaguely.

Laufey guessed, "You want a round six?" and raised his hands in mock-surrender, "No problem."

The queen gave a bright laugh and pushed her husband's face with her palm, "No, I meant to say...Do you think we've been spending enough time with Loki? I mean, I teach Byleistr about seidr and you... I don't really know what you do with Helblindi. What *do* you two do together, anyway?"

Laufey grinned thinking back on the time he had accidentally forgotten his son in the Blue Lagoon, and pat her shoulder, "It's probably for the best it stays that way. We wouldn't want to break our son's trust in my ability to keep his secrets, would we?"

Not believing but slightly amused nonetheless, she said slowly, yawning in mid-sentence, "Aha, so how about you," she poked the top of her husband's nose, "take the boy out tomorrow and it'll be my turn the day after tomorrow."

Laufey nodded to himself, "He's a good kid." and frowned, "how was she like?" he hadn't yet met her.

Farbauti's eyes were cold but she smiled non-the same, "As any obedient queen is. Though we should give her little credit, she did care about Loki, that's for sure."

Laufey eyes glowed mischievously and he crawled on top of her, "How 'bout we enjoy ourselves first? It wouldn't hurt to have a little more fun." Their noses were now touching. His wife was truly a marvelous creature. He kissed her deeply, "I love you."

Farbauti flipped their positions so that she was on top. "I love you, too."

oOo

Loki was still dancing with Nonyl when his father called, "Son, come here for a minute?" The raven-haired boy made his apologies to the lady and left.

Politely bowing he asked, "Yes, sire?"

His father dropped on one knee and tilted his head to the left slightly, "You can cut the formality, Loki. Nobody's watching. I just thought, maybe, you and I could make a little trip together? Just for the evening?" The tone was warm but implied Loki didn't really have any say in it.

"It's called the Blue Lagoon. There used to be an active volcano near it, but now it's docile and the water remained remarkably warm. You've gone through a lot recently and it's a good place to clear your mind. What do you say, boy?"

Loki pondered for a moment if he just wanted to go to bed or explore and learn more about the lagoon. He had wondered how did his kind got water, when it was so cold, and gotten the answer from his brothers. Apparently, Jotunheim has heavy volcanic activity. It would be interesting to see it personally. And Norns know how he missed the heat. Oh, what he would do, for just one day laying on the ground, basking in the son of Asgard, or any realm, really.

So, Loki made up his mind, "Wouldn't miss it for the world," and gave a bright smile.

oOo

They had just left and the boy considered for a moment if he should ask his father to wait until he got more clothes; it was freezing. The king seemed to be in a jolly mood, or as close to glad as Loki had seen him. The sorcerer disregarded the request soon, of course, he could take care of himself. It would be too embarrassing to make his father wait just because Loki was a little cold. He knew how to control his own body temperature if necessary, he just had normally done it in shorter periods.

His father kept peeking at him from time to time, Loki thought it amusing; a grown man, a king, being shy.

The boy wondered: If he himself had just 'recently' met his long-lost son, what would he say to him. Loki had spoken with Laufey before, but the king had always kept his distance, was it something Loki had done or was he just unsure of himself. The thought was strange. He didn't know how to talk about this stuff. Emotions are hard and honesty, this wasn't exactly the forte of his previous family.

A low voice interrupted his thoughts. "How are you with Helblindi and Byleistr?"

"We're just fine, you must be proud of them."

"I am, of course," Laufey tried to remember what he was supposed to say. The man had practiced in his head but he just couldn't seem to get the right words out. He added after a moment, "I'm proud of you too, you know."

His son's smile faltered. It made Laufey's heart sink and he felt slightly dead inside.

Had he heard right? Loki was somewhat surprised by his words. On the other hand, Loki was now more used to these overly-affectionate creatures but it still felt strange hear his 'real' father say it.

The most he had ever gotten from Odin was a pat on the shoulder and a “good job son.” They walked in silence for a long time.

Loki couldn't help himself, “How much longer?” came an annoyed voice.

Laufey mimicked his tone. “Just half an hour, squirt.”

Loki facepalmed and laughed quietly while whining at the same time, “Oh, Norns! Noooo! Did Helblindi teach you that?! Just as I thought I got him to stop.”

“Pigs can’t fly without money, silly.”

Chapter Summary

Things get emotional between Laufey and Loki. Something bad happens.

Chapter Notes

My headcanon is that Jotunheim is like Iceland. All cold on the outside but warm on the inside.

I realize that I underestimated and babied Loki a lot but it was fun to write, so no regrets.

The crying and sleeping parts are from my holiday on Italy. I was tired all the time because we hadn’t eaten anything the whole day and it was so hot outside. I ended up crying while my mom yelled at me about how stupid and pathetic I am and I hope she would have listened to me and been there for me. This story was kind of therapy for me.

Love you.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The weather was turning into a blizzard. Heavy snow was getting everywhere, it made seeing more difficult. Luckily, Jotnar eyes had a special, protective layer on them which enabled them to see on these conditions, albeit it still wasn’t perfect.

“Helblindi also told me that a certain someone has been turning crimson red; blushing like the fires of hell, in front a very handsome guy?”

Oh, no this is much worse. HE DID NOT WANT TO TALK ABOUT HIS LOVE-LIFE WITH HIS FATHER. There shall be payback. He made a mental note to design the perfect prank for his ‘beloved’ brother.

“Can we just not talk about this?” He felt too far out of his element.

“You should invite him home,” Laufey spoke with a tone that left no room for argument but Loki wanted to win this.

Loki only gave him a short, “No.” This went on a while

“Yes.”

“No.”

“Yes.”

“No!”

Laufey challenged, “Why not?” and grinned stupidly while Loki glared at him. Loki knew what

game they were playing. He had done the very same with Thor when they were bored or competing.

Loki's glare intensified, "you know perfectly well why not. Because I'm not about to let you scare him away," he snapped. "I don't inquire about your love-life, and no," Loki covered half of his face with his hand, "I reaaaally don't want to know!"

Laufey shouted louder, "Listen, If I say I want to talk to him, I am going to talk to him!"

"You can't tell me what to do. I knew you were old, but I didn't think you were hard of hearing."

Laufey was trying to be sincere but he knew Loki needed to let some steam out and Laufey was willing to give him an outlet, and maybe, he needed one himself.

Laufey heard a faint crackling sound and stopped Loki from taking another step. "SHH! Listen!" Laufey hissed.

They were above a lake. Loki was 10 feet from his father's position. He had stepped onto a weak spot. He noticed the surface was slowly turning white, forming patterns that resembled tree branches.

On the inside, Laufey was freaking out but on the outside, he tried to look calm and like everything was going to be okay. Getting Loki scared wasn't going to help the situation. "Can you make it stronger?" the scared boy asked. Laufey put on his mask of calm and advised, "Okay, I'm going to..."

The surface fell apart

"Loki!" Pure terror invaded Laufey's face. "Nonono, this isn't happening."

He couldn't think. It felt like Loki hadn't been the only one who had fallen into the water it; his frozen limbs refused to co-operate.

Loki

The small ice layer broke as Laufey dived in.

It was dark

Blue

Cold

Everything hurt

He couldn't breathe

Loki felt his fingers ache. Everything was black. He was going to die, maybe it's better this way. He won't be Laufey's problem anymore. They say before your death your life flashed before your eyes. It's true, but people usually get the meaning all wrong. The vision starts when you are born and lasts until you die, it's called life.

Doubting one's life choices was something everyone did when it ended. People didn't regret what they did, they regretted the things they didn't do. When they were too scared of having new adventures, meeting new people and just giving yourself the emotional permission be proud of yourself and to evolve the parts you're not proud of. They regretted not rising early, to just

appreciate what you have and be grateful for it. Being grateful and being angry at the same time was impossible.

So, this was it, the end; the final page of his journey. Things began to blur into a giant heap. The last time he had spoken to his mother, he had told her that he could not forgive her. Now he would have done anything to just take those words back.

It also felt nice in a way, it didn't hurt anymore, nothing was ever going to hurt him anymore. He felt free like he was just surfing the clouds and he would never have to come down again but unfortunately, all good things must come to an end. A voice far away was calling for him, was someone calling his name? It sounded strangely comforting but the voice wanted Loki to awake which didn't seem pleasant at the time. Why would he ever want to leave, this felt amazing.

Loki heard the same voice laugh nervously, "Listen, boy, your mother is going to have my head for this, don't you dare die!" He was right, Farbauti was going to kill him and Loki sure as Hell wasn't going to miss it.

Laufey was vivid. However, all hope wasn't lost. Thanks to Loki's glowing lines Laufey could faintly see a small light shining through to pitch black at the bottom. Relief surged through him. The only problem was: time. He had to keep conscious, he had to, there was still a possibility his son was going to make it.

When Laufey reached Loki, he couldn't see anything but his glowing lines. There was no time to check if he was okay, or even alive, reaching the surface was the top priority even though it seemed impossible.

The ice was hard and wouldn't budge. Laufey used his magic to make an entrance point. Now the only problem left was getting both of them on the surface. He couldn't keep a hold of his son simultaneously, so he iced Loki's hand and bid it to the ice. Because Laufey had made the ice on the surface hard, getting up wasn't as difficult as one might've thought. Now came the difficult part.

Once Laufey had pulled his son to the surface, he was having difficulties making the sorcerer breathe.

Loki's skin was dark blue, a bit purplish. His chest wasn't moving—oblivion. Pull yourself together man; this is not the time to go into shock. Okay, what now? First things first—get Loki to breathe. "Loki, Loki, listen wake up! Loki, Loki, Loki!"

Laufey checked his pulse. Good, it was still there, albeit too faint for his liking. "Listen, boy, your mother is going to have my head for this, don't you dare die!"

Laufey was startled by Loki's loud gasp and started to laugh. After checking every inch of Loki's face Laufey pulled the confused Jotun into a long embrace planning to never let go.

Strong arms with loose wrists pulled him from the hard, unforgiving ground and onto Laufey's lap. His father held him securely, his son's back against Laufey's stomach making Loki feel like a baby. He didn't like that feeling but right now he couldn't have cared less. Loki wrapped his arms around his father's like Laufey was his life-line. Just a moment ago he had been.

Neither of them knew how long had passed, finally, Loki spoke, "I'm sorry I yelled at you, you can meet him if you like." There were frozen tears in his father's eyes, it was heart-warming and

painful at the same. Odin wouldn't ever have cried for him, too scared for his reputation but he didn't want Laufey to be sad either.

His son sounded impossibly young. Every part of his body shook like a leaf on its last seconds before falling from its branch. "Can we go home? I'm cold and tired; I'm fucking freezing and I'm sorry if I'm such a disappointment to you. Normal Jotnar don't get cold. I'm such a freak." Tears spilled from his eyes and he fell to his hands and knees. Loud sobs fled his mouth making him cry all the more at the shame.

Men shouldn't cry. Weak, pathetic, no wonder they left you to die. Loki knew he hadn't been left to die, Farbauti had told him how Laufey had left him to the most secure temple on the planet next to the Casket but Loki was just so exhausted. Everything seemed to crumble around him.

"I miss Asgard."

"I know, and you have every right to," Laufey said with a gentle voice.

Loki felt like all his worries melt off him like he had just awoken from a dream; he knew barely what it was about and could have imagined the whole memory.

Laufey kissed the back of his son's head. "There are settlements surrounding the lagoon. We can sleep there. I doubt you want to walk back today. The area is popular and expensive so I have friends there, they are real divas." Laufey joked, "What do you say, son?"

Loki laughed, "...popular and expensive so you have friends there. Are you sure they're the only divas?"

After arriving Laufey slowly lowered Loki down into the warm water. "How do you feel, son?"

It felt magical. It was hard to find the right words for the feeling. "I'm pretty sure I died and went to Valhalla." The boy looked so dazed and his words were so slurred one could have thought Loki was drunk if they wouldn't have witnessed what had happened.

"What happened?" Loki asked while clinging to his father's arm. Loki was looking at the mountains far ahead of them absently instead of looking at Laufey. Laufey felt guilty. He should have been more careful. "Long story short, the surface of the ice broke and you fell in, I dived into the water and got you out before...you know," Laufey wrinkled his nose. He did that quite often when there was a sore topic.

Loki stared him in the eyes and said fully believing it, "It wasn't your fault, you know." Laufey just held him tighter and lowered his head on top of Loki's while just focusing on his son's strong heartbeat. It felt like the world's greatest masterpiece.

After a long moment, Loki's breathing had slowed down and his hands which had earlier had a proper rip on Laufey's, were now straight on his sides, just laying there. Those weren't the only clues Loki was in a deep sleep; the boy was making the most adorable sounds in his sleep.

"Pigs can't fly without money, silly."

"I'm a little blue baby icicle."

"It's okay honey, it's just the light. You don't really look like a girl."

Chapter End Notes

I wanted to end my story with parallels to the first chapter. On both chapters I had the words:

It was dark.

Blue

Cold

Everything hurt.

He couldn't breathe.

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